

The First Rule of Combat

by Warrior of Virtue

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Summary: An Elite learns the first rule of combat...the hard way. One Shot.

The First Rule of Combat

Hello people. This is just a one shot I thought up a while back. It's set on Delta Halo right after the Chief learns that the prophet of Regret is going to try and activate Halo. This is really just to make up for not updating my other Halo fic in almost a year. But, please read and review.

The First Rule of Combat

The Master Chief stormed through the Forerunner ruins, slaughtering any Covenant that dared to get in his way. Normally, he would have proceeded with caution, but the knowledge that the fanatical Prophet of Regret intended to activate the orbiting death machine he and his fellow soldiers now occupied caused him to throw caution to the wind and plow through the decaying ruins of what had once been the mightiest race the galaxy had ever seen.

The young Elite stood ready. He and several other Covenant warriors stood ready in the last chamber before the gondola that led to the temple where the Prophet of Regret was holding his sermon. Their orders were to stop the Demon at all cost. The young warrior readied his plasma rifle for the coming battle. He didn't wait long. A pair of grenades was tossed into the chamber. The explosion wiped out all of the Jackals and Grunts in their number. Before the Elites could recover, the Demon stormed in and began mowing them down with a weapon the humans called a shotgun. Their shields did little against this weapon and they were quickly overwhelmed. The chief had just finished off an honor guard when the minor noticed a dropped energy sword at his feet. He picked up the hilt and ignited the blade. The Demon spun around just in time for the weapon to penetrate his lower torso. The armored human stiffened before he fell backwards to the ground. The Elite looked down in astonishment at his fallen enemy.

"Theâ€|the Demon is dead! I KILLED IT!" The Elite began dancing around the chamber laughing hysterically. He was in the middle of wondering if the prophets would make him a Fleet master of a Councilor when he heard a strange click. He turned around just I time to see the business end of a shotgun barely an inch from his face. The weapon fired. At such close range, his shields did nothing. The Elite fell to the ground dead with most of his head gone.

John looked down at the Elite he had just killed for a moment before the pain shot through him. He quickly injected a large dose of bio-foam into his stomach.

"Cortanaâ€|(gasp)â€|status?"

"You're okay Chief. It missed the organsâ€|barely." The Chief to a moment to catch his breath before continuing his mission. He spared the Elite one last look and spoke.

"First rule of combat. Make damn sure your enemy is dead before you start celebrating."

Well, there you go. Please R+R.

End
file.